

# {NO BOOZE NEWS}



THE MORE DEPENDENT WE BECOME ON A HIGHER POWER, THE MORE INDEPENDENT WE BECOME  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE AA INTERGROUP COUNCIL OF WEST CENTRAL ARKANSAS  
P.O. BOX 6401 - HOT SPRINGS, AR. 71902 - {501} 623-6328  
PUBLISHER/EDITOR: BILL D. -- COMMITTEE, BILL B. & JOHN S.

## INTERGROUP BULLETIN

VOLUME XLVII - AUGUST -- 2016

**The Intergroup meets 2PM, the last Sunday of each month at 411 Sellers Street. We urge all groups to have an intergroup rep present so you will be up to date on what is going on with your intergroup, and also to provide us with any input from your group.**

**We need your input for this Bulletin on items of interest, i.e. birthday lists, upcoming events, personal stories, we are always in need of guest writers, and anything else that you would like to see in your bulletin. You can mail your information to: Intergroup Bulletin, P.O. Box 6401, Hot Springs, AR. 71902. You can also E-mail your information to Bill D. at [bjd62070@cablelynx.com](mailto:bjd62070@cablelynx.com). Please put "NO BOOZE NEWS" in the subject line. Bulletins will be snail mailed to group representatives for reproduction and distribution. You can also receive the Bulletin in your E-mail by providing your E-mail address to Bill D., or you can pick up a copy from the book store at 411 Sellers.**

**AA HOTLINE PHONE # 501-623-ODAT (6328)**

**Our website is up and running....Go to <http://aawestcentralarkansas.org> and check it out. I am sure you will very much like what you find**

## An Alcoholic's Day

### Experiences may differ, but the inner story is the same for all of us

AA Grapevine February 1973

YOU WAKE UP with a start, and as awareness returns, your heart begins to pound and the shakes begin again. Oh God, it's morning and you must leave the safe womb of darkness and the bed. You reach down for the bottle, knowing already that it's empty. It always is, in spite of your nightly resolve to leave a drink for morning. Never mind, there's some in the garage, if you live to get there. A quick gulp of coffee later, you're fumbling for the bottle hidden inside the old tire casing. The whiskey is tepid and revolting, and the first gulps won't stay down. But at last one does, and that wonderful, warm glow starts to spread. A few more quick ones before you back the car out, and at last your heart stops pounding and the shakes begin to die away.

You get to your office, where you work for yourself, by yourself, in a field of personal service to the public. Your main supply of liquor is there, and now you have a few more drinks before you begin work--such work as there is. Before you started drinking on the job, you had a thriving business. But now it is dwindling steadily. Between visits of those who still do come, you take controlled nips at the bottle until noon. The thought of food has become nauseating, and you can't face the prospect of lunch at home, so you sit and drink for a half-hour or so, trying to work up a false appetite. When you finally get home, the family glares at you and attacks the delayed meal, while you pick and push at your plate, muttering excuses about this not being your favorite dish. Nothing has been, for a long time now.

After lunchtime, it's back to the office, a few more quick ones, and then to the afternoon appointments. Pleasantly glowing now, you'd rather talk than get down to business, so long, rambling monologues destroy your work schedule and put you far behind. Some of the people who have been waiting impatiently leave quietly, never to return. Occasionally, one may say on the way out that he'll phone later, but you know he won't, and after a brief flash of resentment, you're glad about it. One less person to take up your time. You don't even get upset about some of the ugly things that have started happening: bitter arguments over bills you've been neglecting to mark paid; complaints about the poor quality of service you've been rendering; incidents like yesterday's, when a woman walked out, saying that you didn't look or act fit to be at work.

Some afternoons, in spite of trying to control it, you drink too much and have to lock up the place and lie down. People come, try the door, knock, then go away, many for the last time. But most days you stick it out until the closing hour, then fortify yourself for the ordeal of dinner. Before you go home, though, every few days there's the vital task of replenishing your liquor supply. You have a system of buying in rotation from seven or eight stores in your own and neighboring towns, so that no one will realize how much and how often you buy. Sometimes this involves a twenty-mile drive, at breakneck speed, but then you're secure for a few days more.

After dinner comes the best time of your day, an evening of uninterrupted heavy drinking. You have long since become a solitary drinker, so it's back to the office again, where the liquor and privacy are. You used to make excuses to the family for returning there, but now you just go, and be damned to them. Simply drinking and daydreaming would be satisfying enough, but some nights there's a ball game to listen to on the radio, or a new magazine to read. Best of all, maybe there's a letter to write, prompted by a controversial remark heard on the radio or read in

the newspaper. You'll put that character straight about things! He won't make that mistake again! So out comes the typewriter and the letter begins, but is never finished. As drunkenness progresses, so do the mistakes in typing. Have a drink and start over, you tell yourself. Have another and do it again. By midnight or later, the floor is littered with crumpled balls of paper. The devil with it! You'll do it some other time. It never gets done. Next time, it's someone else's turn to get the ax.

By now it's safe to go home, with everyone there asleep. Maybe this is a routine night and you make it home safely, with perhaps only some paint scraped off the side of the car from going into the garage at a bad angle. Some other nights aren't so good, and the local police spot you and take you home in the squad car, while one of them drives your car for you. This is a benefit of once having been a respected businessman. The respect is gone now, and only some kindness remains. You don't like to remember those few disastrous times, en route home, when you wrecked your automobile and were lucky not to be seriously hurt. But this night all is well, and finally you lie in bed, a bottle within reach, and drift off into sleep.

Some nights, though, and more often lately, sleep doesn't come. You think, "Oh God, why am I doing this to myself? How long can I keep on this way? What is going to become of me?" But then your master, cunning-baffling-powerful alcohol, soothes away your fears. And although you know, deep down inside, that you have a bad drinking problem, and your business is nearly ruined, and the small savings you have left are nearly gone, and your family is about through with you. . .in spite of all this, you tell yourself, "Well, I'm getting along all right yet. I go to work every day, and I've still got money in my pocket, and the family hasn't left, so I guess I'm still managing everything okay. Anyway, if things really get bad, I know I can quit the stuff--and I will. But not yet."

Maybe things will be better tomorrow.

*J. G. T.  
Negaunee, Michigan*

### **LOVE AND FEAR AS OPPOSITES**

All these failings generate fear, a soul-sickness in its own right.

*TWELVE STEPS AND TWELVE TRADITIONS, p. 49*

"Fear knocked at the door; faith answered; no one was there." I don't know to whom this quote should be attributed, but it certainly indicates very clearly that fear is an illusion. I create the illusion myself.

I experienced fear early in my life and I mistakenly thought that the mere presence of it made me a coward. I didn't know that one of the definitions of "courage" is "the willingness to do the right thing in spite of fear." Courage, then, is not necessarily the absence of fear.

During the times I didn't have love in my life I most assuredly had fear. To fear God is to be afraid of joy. In looking back, I realize that, during the times I feared God most, there was no joy in my life. As I learned not to fear God, I also learned to experience joy

*From the book Daily Reflections*

# GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS

*July*  
*Hot Springs AA Group*  
*Grant County Group*

*YEAR TO DATE*  
*Central Big book Group*  
*Hot Springs AA Group*  
*Eastgate*  
*Welcome Group*  
*Serenity in the Pines*  
*Hot Springs AA Group*  
*Rockhouse Group*  
*Grant Count Group*

## UPCOMING EVENTS AND DATES TO REMEMBER

Sep 9 & 10	District 8 Big Book Study Workshop	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Sep 16-18	16 <sup>th</sup> Annual Arkansas Travelers Roundup	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Sep 16-18	Autumn in the Ozarks Mountain Home.	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Oct 6-9	ARKYPAA XXXIV Petit Jean Mountain	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Oct 21-23	SWRAASA – Rogers, AR.	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Nov 11-13	Border City Roundup Fort Smith	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>
Nov 11-13	64 <sup>th</sup> Annual Jonesboro AA Thanksgiving Program	<u><i>See Flyer Sent Separately.</i></u>

## July Birthdays

Sandra	1 Year	07/09/2015	Rockhouse Group
Jessie C.	1 Year	07/08/2015	Hot Springs AA Group
Branson B.	2 Years	07/24/2014	Rockhouse Group
Gigi B.	2 Years	07/03/2014	Hot Springs AA Group.
John G.	2 Years	07/02/2014	Westfork Group
Ed D.	3 Years	07/20/2013	Hot Springs AA Group
John M.	4 Years	07/24/2012	Central Big Book Study Group
Donnie H.	5 Years	07/05/2011	Hot Springs AA Group
David P.	6 Years	07/24/2010	Hot Springs AA Group
Leonard P.	6 Years	07/31/2006	Lake Catherine Group
Stephanie H.	14 Years	07/10/2002	Rockhouse Group
Joe L.	22 Years	07/25/1994	Rockhouse Group
Beth M.	24 Years	07/12/1992	Rockhouse Ladies Group
Lisa Ann F.	24 Years	07/05/1992	Hot Springs AA Group
Bob H.	26 Years	07/05/1990	Eastgate Group
David D.	31 Years	07/08/1985	Rockhouse Group
Mickey S.	33 Years	07/18/1983	Arkadelphia U-Turn Group
David C.	33 Years	07/14/1983	At Large
Bill D.	35 Years	07/16/1981	Central Big Book Study Group
Hall N.	36 Years	07/27/1980	Grant County Group

**"The A.A. who hides his identity from his fellow A.A. by using only a given name violates the Tradition just as much as the A.A. who permits his name to appear in the press in connection with matters pertaining to A.A."**

**~Dr. Bob & the Good Oldtimers, pg. 264**

"The deception of others is nearly always rooted in the deception of ourselves."

AA Co-Founder, Bill W., August 1961 "This Matter of Honesty", The Language of the Heart

Sobriety is a journey of joyful discovery. Each day brings new experience, awareness, greater hope, deeper faith, broader tolerance. I must maintain these attributes or I will have nothing to pass on.

Great events for this recovering alcoholic are the normal everyday joys found in being able to live another day in God's grace.

*From the book Daily Reflections*

### **Inner Peace**

The feeling that cannot come from any person, place or thing. It is not in the world or of the world. It cannot be purchased, given or taken away.

I can't get this from approval of another person, gratification of anyone or anything. It must come from within.

I must acquire this gift from within myself before I can truly love myself; love life and truly love other people.

I cannot be dependent on attachments or demands of others to feel Peace; True Love; Love of myself; for who I am, and what I am.

Emotional Peace that is dependent on anyone or anything is a false or worldly expectation. These feelings are not true Peace, but barriers to real Peace.

I must divorce myself from selfish, self-centered and self-seeking motives and actions before I can acquire Inner Peace.

*Gary C*

In the center of the circle is where the powers reside. These powers are called love, principle, justice, spiritual knowledge, life, forgiveness and truth. All these powers reside in the very center of the human being. We access these powers by being still, quieting the mind. If we get confused, emotionally upset, feel resentment, anger, or fear, the best thing we can do is pray to the Great Spirit and ask Him to remove the anger and resentment. By asking Him to remove these obstacles, we are automatically positioned in the sacred center. Only in this way do we know right from wrong.

*Thomas Yellowtail*

"It's not the wonderful people I've met from throughout these great lands who have helped keep me sober most of the time, but those wonderful people sitting around the table in my hometown who loved me when I could not love, who waited for me to quit lying, who tolerated me when I would be part of nothing, and who never asked me to leave when I was obnoxious. Because of their love and patience, I was able to get outside of myself and make some sort of commitment to the group."

Neosho, Mo., September 1986 "Why Have a Home Group?", The Home Group: Heartbeat of AA

## THE PERSONS WE HAVE HARMED

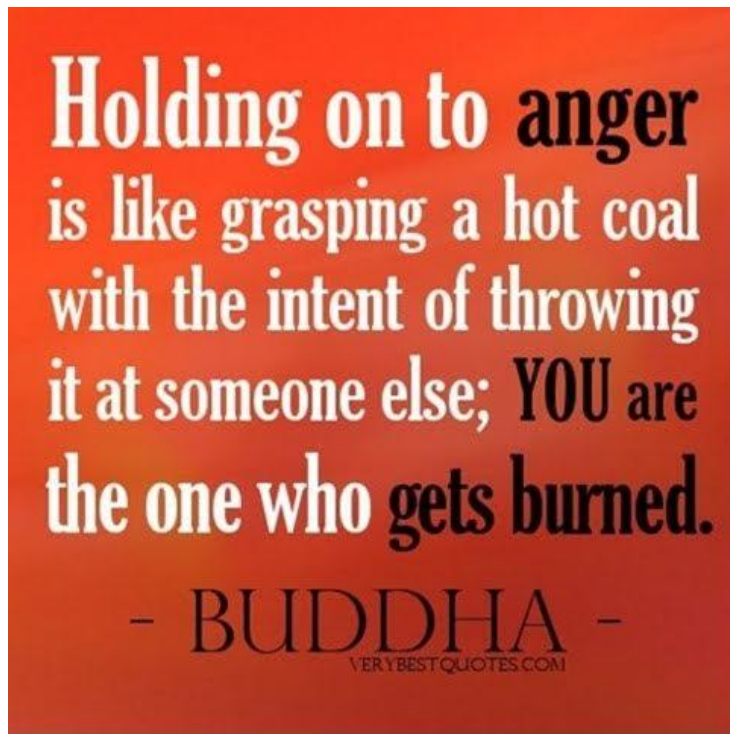
Rick R.

How many of us show up at the doors of Alcoholics Anonymous ready to start exploring our past and all of the issues that we've had with our fellow man? Not me! I came here with a rationalizing, alcoholic mind and the last thing I intended to do was to go searching for more things to hate about myself. The alcoholic within me was pointing the finger at them in order to minimize the appearance that I was at fault. My mind was constantly spinning yarns in order to have the right answers ready should anyone question why I did the things I did. In all of my waking hours, I got no peace of mind unless I had something to drink in me, and when that happened, it diminished the need to care about other people and, as a matter of fact, it immediately turned into drunken arrogance and often into verbal and physical confrontations. A life lived by those standards can only end in destruction and when you have the option to drink it away you can put it off indefinitely, but sooner or later you have to pay the piper.

Not everyone can repair all of the damage they have done in the past, to our families and friends, and that is simply because some of them have moved on and may not be concerned about what our plans are, and they don't see the need to be involved in the drama that the alcoholic is going through, especially with their memory of the failed *good intentions* of the past. Until we have a track record of truly changing our way of life and putting some time between us and that snapshot of our last drunken debacle, we can't expect any recognition from them since they aren't following us around every day recording our progress.

When it comes to making a list of all the persons we have harmed, the first thought comes to mind is how far do we go with this list. My thought on that is; how much peace of mind would you be satisfied with? The most obvious people are the ones that are closest to us such as family, friends, employers, and as we list those, we can spiral outward to the more remote people like relatives, friends from the past, and so on.

The last thing I hear questioned is who I owe amends to and again, the peace of mind issue seems to set the standard for who goes on the list. First off, if I have truly changed those old behaviors and have put them behind me, I have already mended my ways and all that's left to do is to acknowledge my past mistakes in the presence of the person receiving the amend. I find it relatively easy to level the playing field by simply asking the question: "Have you ever done something that you really regretted?" The answer usually goes: "Of course, who hasn't?" Next I say, "Can we talk?" You can do this with anyone that you feel uncomfortable about, when you hear their name mentioned, and eventually you will run out of people that are constantly renting room in your brain. In the rare occasion that you get a bad reaction, you've done all you can and you can put it behind you. All of that free space in your head adds up to *peace of mind* and you have the rest of your life to complete it.



"When faith has entered the front door of our hearts, fear goes out the back."

*"Thoughts for the Newcomer", AA Grapevine*

#### NO ONE DENIED ME LOVE

On the A.A. calendar it was Year Two. . . . A newcomer appeared at one of these groups. . . . He soon proved that his was a desperate case, and above all he wanted to get well. . . . [He said], "Since I am the victim of another addiction even worse stigmatized than alcoholism, you may not want me among you."

*TWELVE STEPS AND TWELVE TRADITIONS, pp. 141-42*

I came to you---a wife, a mother, woman who had walked out on her husband, children, family. I was a drunk, a pill head, a nothing. Yet no one denied me love, caring, a sense of belonging. Today, by God's grace and the love of a good sponsor and a home group, I can say that---through you in Alcoholics Anonymous---I am a wife, a mother, a grandmother and a woman. Sober. Free of pills. Responsible

## **God Bless The Alcoholic**

*by Angela M.*

*God loves the alcoholic  
For who knows mercy like he  
A sensitive in this cold, hard world  
He drinks spirits to be free*

*God bless the alcoholic  
Shunned by friends and foe  
Who can know what drives him  
When he himself can't know*

*God help the alcoholic  
His thorn is his disease  
Destroying things he once held dear  
Is there a life for these?*

*God carry the alcoholic  
It's a sliding, slippery slope  
Protect and guide his steps until  
He finds the rooms of hope.*

"The phrase 'God as we understand him' is perhaps the most important expression to be found in our whole AA vocabulary. Within the compass of these five significant words there can be included every kind and degree of faith, together with the positive assurance that each of us may choose his own." AA Co-Founder, Bill W., April 1961 "God As We Understand Him: The Dilemma of No Faith", The Language of the Heart

## **St. Teresa of Avila's Prayer**

Let nothing trouble you  
Let nothing frighten you  
All things pass away  
God never changes  
Patience obtains all things  
Who has God lacks nothing  
God alone suffices



